

Countdown

by Hyper Vongola Decimo

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Summary: A series of short, independent drabbles written in celebration of HQ anime. You can read one, you can read all, everything depends on you. Pairing: KageHina. Rated M for future nsfw content.

1. 10 - I'm here

A/N: This is the first of a short collection of drabbles I wrote as a countdown for HQ anime in april, please enjoy!

* * *

><p>Hinata was annoying. Loud, cheerful, and absurdly optimistic. Everything about him was irritating, now that Kageyama thought about it. The overfamiliar way he spoke to him, the clinginess, the idiotic behaviour, everything he did made him want to strangle that small guy positively once a day.</p>

But it was also the same Hinata who saved him. From the past, from loneliness, from fear. It was the same Hinata who stubbornly kept repeating 'I'm here!' until he finally believed him, until he finally believed in him. It was thanks to him, that Kageyama was now able to fully trust his teammates, expecting only the best, and pushing them beyond their limits.

It's been 3 years already since he heard it for the first time, and he had to admit that not even once did Hinata fail to follow through. He might have been annoying, he might have irritated the living hell out of Kageyama with his stupidity, but he was also reliable. Answering each and every toss he made, no matter how unreasonable, no matter how hard Kageyama pushed, he was there to spike it with earnest joy and trust.

Looking over his shoulder, Kageyama saw the small back of Karasuno's

ace. Many things changed during those two years after the seniors left. He became the captain, now crowned with a true crown of his teammates' trust and support, and Hinata became the center of their attack, grasping the title of a Small Giant with his hard work and determination. Their roles may have changed, but there still was something that hasn't been said between them.

'Hinata,' he started, not really sure he should even say anything.
'Thanks.'

'Huh? What, what, what?' Oh yes, he already regretted it. 'What did you say, Kageyama?'

'Ughâ€!' He slammed his shoe locker closed. 'Forget it, I didn't say anything.'

Quickly, before he could be bombarded with more annoying questions and teasing, he left the school building, heading towards the club room. 'Don't be late for practice!' he shouted over his shoulder, without looking back.

But if he did, he would have noticed the soft smile on Hinata's face, and eyes watching him with sparkling joy, as the wind swallowed his gentle 'I'll always be here for you'.

* * *

><p>There will be 10 parts of those drabbles, plus a bonus birthday fic for Hinata, so please come by again~ Next part next week!
Reviews?<p>

2. 9 - Kageyama's expressions

Hinata liked observing Kageyama. Not obviously staring, but stealing glances from the corner of his eye every now and then when the other wasn't looking. It was strange how different he seemed at those times from how he acted in front of everyone else. His features softened, expressions becoming brighter and more honest, and Hinata found himself endlessly drawn to it.

He was forever amused by Kageyama's pointless struggle to keep cool. He always tried to be serious, but the times when he smiled made Hinata's heart skip a beat. They were in the early stages of the relationship, shared only a few kisses and tentative touches. It was always Kageyama who shied away from anything more, and got flustered with every kiss. That somehow pulled on Hinata's nerves, but he reminded himself over and over again not to push the other. And usually his efforts paid off, with rare, true smiles and sometimes even the most adorable pink blushes. He didn't know why the other tried to hide it, but he loved the moments Kageyama simply let everything go. Moments like this.

They won against Abajousai for the first time ever. What seemed to be impossible, did happen, they made it happen. Hinata was screaming in joy and happiness with a huge grin plastered on his face, while Tanaka repeatedly patted his back, laughing along. And yet it took only one glance at Kageyama, who was standing alone, looking at his hand with unreadable expression, to get him moving. He jumped on the unsuspecting teen, nearly toppling them both over.

'We won, Kageyama!' he screamed, hugging the other by the shoulders.
'We did it, we won!'

'Yeah, we did!' slightly dazed dark eyes looked at him, and a smile that took Hinata's breath away appeared on Kageyama's face. 'We won.'

It was so beautiful, as always, the way his lips quirked up, the flash of his teeth, the frown between his eyebrows disappearing, the light entering his eyes, there was nothing Hinata loved more. The warm feeling spreading over his heart was enough to make him lean forward and place a sweet, chaste kiss on Kageyama's lips. It was quick, a peck only, but the blush rising onto the other's cheeks pulled his heart into uneven staccato.

Kageyama didn't know this, and it was probably a good thing he didn't, but Hinata would do anything to keep this expression on his face. Because that bright smile, that rosy blush, that shadow of irritation hiding in the corner of his mouth was true Kageyama. And he loved every bit of him.

3. 8 - Hinata hates cold

It was nights like those that Kageyama really felt how much he loved Hinata. The temperature outside was dropping drastically for a few days now, winter was coming in full bloom. Quite naturally the flat they shared cooled down with the disappearance of the warm sunlight, chilling them both to the bone. The cold never bothered Kageyama much, he didn't like it, but he wasn't about to crawl under the blankets any time soon. Hinata though, was his complete opposite.

Kageyama was sprawled on the couch in their living room, reading one of his favourite novels, when the door creaked open and quiet footsteps disturbed his concentration. He only sighed, turning the page, and focusing back on the book. That is until Hinata, covered from head to toe in two large blankets, crawled right on top of him and placing his head on Kageyama's chest, looked ready to fall asleep.

'You're going to sleep like that?' he asked, shifting a bit to find a more comfortable position.

'I hate being cold,' chestnut-coloured eyes glanced up at him.

'And what about those blankets?' Kageyama himself was quite chilled from laying on the couch for so long, so he wasn't complaining about the sudden warmth. But he knew that was going to change real soon.

'Not enough,' Hinata yawned and closed his eyes, a clear signal that Kageyama didn't have a choice in this matter.

With a sigh he picked back his reading from the place he left off. There was no arguing with Hinata when he was cold. He was irritable and sluggish, the worst combination to deal with in Kageyama's opinion, because no matter what he said, Hinata was going to either get angry, or fall asleep before he even finished.

It was a few pages later that he finally started feeling the warmth creeping into his limbs, and then pooling in his stomach and chest. Closing the book, he looked down, and couldn't stop the small smile from appearing on his lips. Hinata was deep asleep, his hair tousled and features relaxed, while one of his hands was gently clutching Kageyama's shirt.

Moments like those always took him by surprise. He never thought about things like love, but those times, having Hinata so vulnerable in his arms, made him happy. The warmth coming from having his boyfriend's steadily beating heart so close chased off any lingering cold he might have felt. *_Or maybe that was just the blankets_,* Kageyama thought with a smile, soon following Hinata into the land of dreams.

4. 7 - Hinata pouts

Seeing Hinata pout always woke strange urges in Kageyama. Sometimes it was an urge to smack the stupidity out of him, other times it was an urge to place a hand over Hinata's face and keep it there as long as it takes for the other to calm down, and sometimes there were those other urges. Like the one right now.

He didn't know if he should kiss the pout off of Hinata's lips, not gentle at all, forcing his way on the other, or just shower his puffed out cheeks with feather-light kisses. He couldn't decide, and looking at Hinata didn't help any. He looked incredibly adorable, making it hard to keep cool.

'Stop pouting,' he said, turning his gaze away with difficulty. The tension in his muscles was making him irritated all of a sudden.

'I'm not pouting!' Hinata spluttered.

Kageyama felt like rolling his eyes. Really, the level of maturity in this one was below that of a grade-schooler. He reached out a hand and poked the soft, slightly pink from the wind cheek. 'Then what is this?'

And there it was again, the pout. And it was damn cute, Kageyama had to admit he liked the feeling of poking that puffy little thing. He was so focused on the place where his finger dipped into the other's cheek that he didn't notice the dangerous glint in chestnut eyes. Before he could move, Hinata's mouth opened and his teeth clasped around Kageyama's finger. He blinked in shock. It didn't hurt, he wasn't bitten. But the fact that his finger was now inside the other's mouth sent a tingling shiver down his spine.

'What are you doing, Hinata?'

The smirk that quirked the corner of the other's mouth didn't bode him well. And then he felt it, how Hinata's tongue curled around his finger, teeth slowly nipping on his skin. Suddenly it was way too hot for Kageyama, but he couldn't take his eyes off of the other. He gasped when Hinata sucked hard on his finger, immediately after releasing it with a quiet pop.

'Eh, are you blushing, Kageyama?' teasing smile split the smaller teen's face, and Kageyama felt that yes indeed, he was blushing.

'No way!' he denied stubbornly, wishing for his heart to calm down the erratic beating. Hinata's laughter wasn't helping at all, he decided, irritation spiking once again. 'Shut up, I'm not blushing!'

'Yes, you are!' There was a flash of light and with quickly growing dread Kageyama realised what happened. 'Ah, this photo is great! I'm going to send it to Tanaka-senpai, he's not gonna believe it!'

'You little-'

Hinata run off, laughing at his face. As he ran after him, Kageyama cursed under breath to himself. Next time he sees Hinata pout, he won't even debate what to do with those urges, there was only one thing that could happen after a fiasco like this. He'll smack Hinata over the head, hard. At least then he'll get some satisfaction.

* * *

><p>Sorry for the late update, there was a lot going on and I kinda forgot about it -.- To make it up to you guys, next one will be on sunday~<p>

also, this week's free! ep killed me okay, just saying bc I will never be over it *sobs*

5. 6 - Holding hands

Their relationship was ever changing, and this meant it never was normal. They evolved from enemies to teammates, from rivals to friends, and finally to lovers. Hinata didn't have any problems with adapting to the different roles it pushed on him. All but one.

It was awkward being alone with Kageyama after the two of them got together. He didn't know what to say, how to act, his usually bright and open personality giving way to shy uncertainty. Hinata glanced at his boyfriend from the corner of his eye. As always, the other seemed unbothered by any of the things that clouded over his own mind.

Sighing quietly, he looked away. They've been walking home together for the past few days, but there was always something to talk about: classes, practice, rivals, the ways to improve their plays. Yet this was the first time they walked in complete silence, which made Hinata fidget in uneasiness.

'What are you acting all shy for?' Kageyama's voice nearly made him jump.

'I'm not!' he denied quickly. Too quickly.

A small blush crawled onto his cheeks at his boyfriend's pointed look. Kageyama's lips quirking into a smirk clearly showed what he thought about it, and Hinata pouted at the victorious edge in it, taking his eyes off of the offending view. All thoughts of shyness disappeared from his mind, slight irritation taking its place.

That was until his hand was grasped by a slightly colder one, firmly yet gently. The blush he felt earlier returned with full force, turning even his ears a light pinkish hue. This seemingly innocent gesture meant more to him than he would ever admit. It showed him that Kageyama indeed did notice his uneasiness and wanted to help. The subtle way he tried to convey his feelings made Hinata smile softly.

He stepped closer to Kageyama, intertwining their fingers and squeezing lightly to show that the message got across to him. It was always like this with Kageyama, he didn't talk much, didn't do well with expressing his feelings, but whenever Hinata needed it, he simply was there to hold his hand. And it was all that mattered.

6. 5 - First kiss

Their first kiss wasâ€œ clumsy. Kageyama honestly hated the very fact that this sort of thing ever happened to him. He didn't regret kissing Hinata, oh no, and with practice, lots and lots of practice, they somehow managed to avoid repeating that scenario. And yet, every thought about how it began sent an unpleasant chill down his spine.

Hinata was too eager, his teeth bumping into his lips, metallic taste of blood in his mouth making Kageyama immediately withdraw. He himself wasn't sure how to proceed from now on, but he knew this wasn't how it was supposed to look like. He was nervous and confused, unsure of every single thing he did, it was the first time he kissed anyone, damn it.

So he placed his hand on Hinata's cheek and holding his head still, covered the other's soft lips with his own. This time it was gentle, slow, and controlled, at least until Hinata decided to swipe his tongue on Kageyama's bottom lip. As a natural reaction for a completely new sensation, Kageyama gasped in surprise, which prompted the other to sneak further into his mouth, taking the last strands of control out of his hands.

It was a new experience for them both, and Kageyama found himself quite liking the strange dance their tongues did. It was wet, and sloppy, at one point he even felt drool leaking down his chin, but there was something he couldn't quite name that kept him going and wanting more. Only when they stopped, breaths mingling together as they pointlessly tried to calm the wild beating of their hearts, did Kageyama notice what it was that he felt.

Hinata's cheeks were reddened, the hue contrasting with his hair, reminding Kageyama of the sunsets in summer; brown eyes were lightened with internal fire that made the pounding in his chest even louder, and wet lips glistened with unspoken invitation. In that single moment, Kageyama knew, he was doomed. No matter how sloppy or how clumsy their kisses would get in the future, he was never going to give them up. And till this day he didn't.

7. 4 - Kageyama vs animals

When Hinata first heard of Kageyama's worries about how he thought animals didn't like him, he wanted to burst out laughing. It was infinitely amusing to him that someone so serious was concerned with such trivial things. And yet there was something in Kageyama's eyes that stopped the laughter in his throat, pity clenching around his heart. In only a matter of seconds, after seeing Kageyama's expression closing off, he decided to help him.

That was why Kageyama was now coming over to his house. Hinata's sister loved animals and after a lot of begging their parents agreed to allow them to keep a dog. It was one of the bigger kind, but well-behaved, and Hinata believed that for someone awkward around animals it'd be perfect for training. They closed themselves in Hinata's room, the dog closely following on their footsteps.

'Try to pet him,' Hinata encouraged, as Kageyama glanced at the dog with uncertainty. 'It won't bite, I promise.'

Kageyama's fingers trembled slightly as he reached for the dog's head. He halted though, when the animal stepped closer, sniffing at his hand. Seeing the hesitation in Kageyama's eyes, Hinata sighed. They'd never move anywhere if he gets cold feet now. It wasn't like his dog didn't like him, it was more as if Kageyama was afraid of being rejected and backed off without even trying. But that was exactly why he was here.

'You need to let him get comfortable with your smell first,' he said, taking Kageyama's wrist and bringing his hand closer to the dog's nose. It started sniffing again, and after a while a pink tongue lapped at one of Kageyama's fingers. 'See? It accepted you.'

Hinata smiled reassuringly, and with quite a surprise he noticed that a small smile appeared on Kageyama's face, as his eyes lit with happiness. Hinata let go of his hand with a gentle 'Now pet it'. And Kageyama did, the dog laying down his ears and closing eyes in pleasure, as Kageyama's fingers run through his soft fur.

But instead of the dog, Hinata focused on watching Kageyama. His eyes changed, they were no longer guarded, but free, unrestrained joy was shining bright inside them. A smile he has never seen before made his heart beat faster, and the slight pink blush on Kageyama's cheeks made him think that this was something he wasn't supposed to see. And yet he couldn't take his eyes off of him.

Even an hour later, when Kageyama already went home, and he was laying on his bed in complete darkness, Hinata couldn't focus on anything else. The very memory made his heart pick up the erratic pace, his face growing hot in seconds. With an irritated groan he turned to the side, covering his face with a pillow. Damn, now it was him who had a problem. And it wasn't as easily solved as Kageyama's.

8. 3 - Believe in me and jump

To Hinata it seemed as if it was only yesterday that his heart shook at the strength and pure determination in Kageyama's voice that day during the 3-on-3 they played soon after joining the Karasuno team. Every time he prepared for a spike, even after they finished high school, even after he was scouted by one of the pro teams, every time

he jumped, he heard his voice, loud and clear, as if Kageyama was right beside him.

Believe in me and jump!

It was this, as much as the joy coming from playing and getting points, that made him smile in the air, giving him the confidence he needed. Even though Kageyama played for a different team, now that they both were competing in the pro circuits, just seeing him in the stands was enough to bring back the memories of their high school days. He was sentimental, he knew that, but he didn't expect Kageyama to remember something from so many years ago.

Which is why, he stared at his boyfriend of 5 years in complete shock. He came home from excruciatingly exhausting training camp to find their apartment smelling of fresh flowers - he didn't know what kind, he never really cared for flowers â€“ wine and food. He was dead tired, half of the things slipping past his sleep-deprived mind throughout the dinner, but then Kageyama was kneeling right before him and Hinata was ready to swear he fell asleep in the bus home and this was all just a dream.

'What are you doing, Tobio?' he asked, subtly pinching his arm under the table. It hurt.

Kageyama fished a small black box out of one of his pockets and only after he opened it, did he look Hinata in the eye. His whole demeanour was serious, the 'we're going to win this match at all costs' kind of serious.

'Will you marry me?'

Hinata stared at him. Long, and hard. His mind was spinning, he was sure this was all because of his sleep deprivation, there was no other option. After the silence started to ring in his own ears, he looked at the ring, trying to think. But he couldn't, he wanted to laugh out loud when he saw the childish plastic ring, with a crow in flight engraved in it. For all that Kageyama played the cool guy, he was as much a helpless romantic, as Hinata himself.

'Do you remember what you told me back in high school?' he asked, looking back at his kneeling boyfriend. 'In that 3-on-3 we played to get into the club?'

There was a slight frown on Kageyama's face, 'I told you many things back then, but I think I know what you mean. Was it believe in me-'

'-_and jump_!' Hinata finished, doing exactly that.

He jumped Kageyama, knocking the box out of his hand and grinning like a lunatic, as he hugged his surprised boyfriend. He leaned close and whispered into his ear the answer he wanted to scream for all the world to hear 'Yes, I will marry you'.

* * *

><p>WHO'S CRYING ABOUT THE ANIME ENDING? ME YES VERY MUCH ME *curls into a ball and starts sobbing*</p>

9. 2 - Kageyama snaps

Kageyama snapped a lot for someone who tried to play it cool. He was irritable and moody, sometimes screaming his head off and other times biting words through his tightly grit teeth. But even though he was easily provoked, he never got really angry. Everything was just fleeting annoyance, since there never was anything that could bring out his rage. At least that's what his teammates believed until one day they saw Kageyama's blood boiling.

It was one of the preliminary matches, some unknown school, a dark horse, just like them. What took them by surprise though, was their style of play. Tricky, dirty volleyball, where the main objective wasn't hitting the ground, but another player. From the early beginning there was tension in the Karasuno team, all of them angry at those defiling their beloved sport with such cowardly moves. Yet everything started to blow up when they stepped on the court.

As expected, their opponents looked for the weakest link, and soon they found it. Hinata was a strong spiker, and a good enough blocker, but his receives were the worst on their team. It didn't take long for the other team to notice it and pick him as a target. Bruises after bruises blossomed on the small body of the first year, as they watched him struggle, angry in their helplessness. That was until one incredibly fast spike hit Hinata straight in the face. And Kageyama snapped.

Helping the smaller teen up, there was tightly controlled rage in his whole demeanour. His eyes were vivid, burning holes wherever they looked, mouth pulled tightly into a thin line, and his shoulders tense with barely withheld anger.

'We're going to get them back for this,' he grit out, fury vibrant in his voice. 'Using the only way we know.'

Hinata looked at him in silence for a second, before a rueful grin appeared on his face. 'Yeah,' he replied, wiping away the blood from his dripping nose.

'Together,' Kageyama raised his hand.

'Together,' Hinata high-fived him, determination steeling in his eyes.

Kageyama tried to play cool. It didn't always work out, since there were more times than not that he gave in to mindless provocation, but there were moments when every member of the Karasuno team stopped to think. In those moments they knew that Kageyama didn't try to play cool, he was cool. And the only thing that could make him really angry was his friends hurting.

10. 1 - Sex

'Wait, Kage-'

His protests were cut off by persistent lips and slippery tongue, which sneaked into his mouth completely taking away his will to fight. Hinata was backed against the lockers, hard wood biting into

the skin on his back, as Kageyama pressed harder into him, the proof of his arousal poking him straight in the groin. With true effort, he pushed on the other's shoulders to get some distance between them.

'What are you doing all of a sudden?' he asked, gasping for breath. It was only a second ago that he walked into the volleyball club's locker room and was literally attacked by his horny boyfriend.

'Stop struggling,' Kageyama's husky voice sent a shiver down his spine, and Hinata had to admit he was getting hard, just by listening to him. 'Everyone will be here soon, we need to be fast.'

'All the more reason not to do it!' he wanted to wriggle his way out, but Kageyama's hands were holding his hips in a tight grip. They were both fully clothed, but Hinata was sure there will be bruises, from the fingers keeping him in place, and the edge of the locker he was pressed against.

'You're already this hard,' Kageyama's hips moved, making their crotches rub together, slowly, teasingly. He gasped, the sudden jolt of pleasure setting fire to his body. 'Want me to stop now?'

'Fuck you, asshole,' he growled, grabbing the other by his shirt and pulling him down into a passionate kiss.

Hinata knew he was played, but damn, Kageyama knew how to make him hard in seconds. Usually he didn't mind, it was actually quite a useful ability, but at times like those he hated his boyfriend's guts. What if someone walked in on them?

He bit the other's lip, showing his displeasure, but it only seemed to stimulate Kageyama, for a second later Hinata's pants pooled around his ankles and a slightly cold hand sneaked into his boxers, fingers closing around his shaft in a hard grip. With a half-gasp, half-moan Hinata threw his head back, eyes closed and lips parted, all his focus going down to Kageyama's hand, which started moving in a fast pace.

'I will get you back for thisâ€!' he managed between groans, and he _felt _that bastard smile into his neck.

As difficult as it was, he reached for the other's belt and soon pulled off the offending material. Revenge is sweet, he thought, as Kageyama's breath hitched, which sent a pleasant shiver down his spine. But it wasn't enough, hands weren't enough, he needed more. Sneaking an arm around the other's shoulders, Hinata moved his hips up, their cocks rubbing together, hot and sticky. Their hands joined together in stroking, brushing against each other now and then, sending spikes of pleasure through their bodies.

'I'mâ€| ahhhâ€| closeâ€|' Hinata moaned into his boyfriend's shoulder, pressing even closer to him.

A second later his hair was roughly pulled back, Kageyama's mouth stealing the moans from his lips. Another stroke more, and another, and as the hot tongue touched his, he came, clinging to the other for dear life. It took a bit more for Kageyama to finish, but the sound he made as he came brought Hinata to heaven, and he smirked weakly, supporting his head on the locker behind him.

'You're insane,' he said without any bite to it, after he regained his breath.

Kageyama was about to answer when they heard voices coming dangerously close to the locker room. Scrambling for their things, he noticed his boyfriend was smiling, this tiny quirk of lips he always had when he tried to hold in his amusement, and he couldn't stop the grin from appearing on his own face. Kageyama was insane, that was for sure. But Hinata was even more for enjoying it.

* * *

><p>I completely forgot to update this sunday, so as an apology have two chapters today, and porn at that oh my~! 2 more chapters till the end!</p>

11. 0 - Hinata hates crying

A/N: This piece was inspired by this (talk-to-the-fish-.tumblr-.com/post/80525970257/dumb-scribble-comic-with-no-context-raughs) amazing comic, I've found on tumblr, and god bless fish for drawing it, no matter how often I look at it it's still as amazing as that first time, god bless

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><p>Hinata hated crying. It didn't happen that often, but there were times when he felt that the whole world was against him, and even his inborn optimism didn't add up to much as tears of anger, sorrow and pure frustration rolled down his cheeks. He absolutely abhorred the powerlessness that filled him in this state, which made him avoid any human contact at the slightest inclination of the upcoming breakdown. Every single one of his friends knew that whenever something like that happened it was best to leave him alone. That was until he graduated middle school and Kageyama Tobio entered his life.</p>

The first time Kageyama stumbled upon Hinata crying was truly embarrassing. His eyes were red and puffy, and he couldn't see properly as tears blurred his vision, but he was positive that for a second there was panic in Kageyama's expression. Fruitlessly, he tried to stop crying, which only resulted in a series of hiccups that added more to his frustration. His face was red from both, crying and embarrassment. Anytime he expected to hear Kageyama laugh at him. But he didn't.

Instead, Hinata found himself in a somewhat awkward, but warm embrace, Kageyama's chin propped on his head, as his face was buried in the other's shirt. With hesitant moves he hugged back, fingers clutching the material on the back of Kageyama's jersey. Having someone's support was a completely new sensation, but Hinata found that presence quite soothing.

And just like that it became their little ritual. Hinata still ran away to cry in isolation, and yet Kageyama, like a magnet drawn to his tears, found him no matter where he went and silently offered his shoulder. He never asked for a reason, and Hinata was thankful for that, since he himself wasn't in any mood to talk. Even more, he appreciated Kageyama's presence, and little by little got comfortable

enough to reach for him first.

It was one of those days when Hinata fought with himself to put on a smile, knowing full well that the breaking point was closing in. This time it came after practice, so he waited for everyone to go home, before sitting on the bench and letting the tears stream down his cheeks. His muffled sobs were the only thing that broke the silence, until soft steps outside the clubroom joined in. And as expected when the door swung open, it was Kageyama who entered the room.

'Hinata? What are you-' he stopped in the middle of a sentence, expression changing instantly into one of seriousness and concern.

Without another word, Kageyama dropped his bag on the ground and stepping over it kneeled before him, hands reaching out and bringing him close. There was no hesitation as Hinata embraced him, his face hiding in the crook of the other's shoulder. And as Kageyama's hand started to gently run through his hair in a soothing motion, he let everything go.

Hinata still hated crying. He hated it a lot, it was making him feel weak and vulnerable, but somehowâ€¦ Somehow when Kageyama was near, he hated it less.

12. BONUS

A/N: This is a birthday fic written for Hinata's birthday in June, but I'm posting it here as a bonus bc it's short. Also, it's pure smut, so be warned!

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><p>Being 16 isn't much different than being 15

* * *

><p>It was way too hot and Hinata gasped quietly as the sensation spread down his cock, making his hips tremble. He raised a hand to his mouth to muffle some of the noises he couldn't stop deeper in his throat. The blush took fiercely to his cheeks and his hand trembled when sharp teeth scraped the side of his penis. He was already painfully hard and that bastard was making it even worse, fuelled by some sadistic glee of making him weak and needy. But even though it made him a bit angry, he was too far gone to make him stop. Not that he ever would.</p>

Hinata was sitting on the edge of his bed, pants and boxers pooling around his ankles as Kageyama kneeled between his legs. His fingers were cold and every touch brought out a whine from him as they glided across the heated skin of his sun-kissed thighs and higher up towards the joining of his legs. Feather-like kisses made him shiver in anticipation, his mind spinning with the _need_ to feel this sinuous mouth do its magic. And then he almost grazed heaven when that slippery tongue, which always easily overpowered him in a kiss, licked the top of the head.

He was panting hard as the burning warmth of Kageyama's mouth

engulfed his whole length, and he even stopped caring about the noises he made, focusing only on the feeling of the other's lips and supporting his body from falling back. He would have thrust his hips deeper, but firm hands held him in place. He was trapped, but what a sweet trap it was. Hinata shot his head back as Kageyama's fingers closed at the base, prolonging his torture and eliciting a delicious moan from his parted lips.

The black head bobbed up and down and Hinata could swear Kageyama was getting some secret practice going, because there was no way he got so good with the few blowjobs he ever gave him. He moaned at the loss of the warmth that was so close to pushing him over the edge, but soon had to close his eyes as he felt Kageyama suck on his balls while his hand stroked his length at a leisurely pace. Hinata felt how the hand he was supporting himself with trembled in strain, but his focus was quickly claimed by Kageyama's mouth.

'Fuck, Tobio!' he managed to gasp out in a raspy voice. 'Don't tease me! asshole!'

He expected some witty remark about how much of a mess he was right now, but it never came. Instead, Kageyama retracted his fingers from his cock and swallowed him deep at once, humming in his throat, the warmth and vibrations choking a cry out of Hinata as he came.

He must have blacked out for a second or two, because when he opened his eyes again, he was lying on his back. Sitting up with difficulty, he looked at Kageyama. His pale face was adorned with a light blush, saliva dripping from his now plump, red lips, bruised from the recent use. Hinata allowed himself a small smirk, knowing that Kageyama looked like that because of him. A matching smirk played around the corner of the other's mouth as he leaned in.

As Kageyama's teasing tongue swiped up the length of his shaft, licking of some of his cum, and midnight blue eyes glanced up at him seductively, Hinata started awake. He was still lying on the bed, drenched in sweat, hot and panting. Calming his erratic breathing, he sat up and cringed at the mess that was now his boxers. With an angry sigh, he flopped back on the pillows.

'Happy fucking birthday to me,' he growled under his breath.

It seemed like being 16 wasn't much different than being 15.

* * *

><p>And that is all of KageHina drabbles I currently own. Oh, wait, there are some others, but that is a matter for a whole new story ^u^ Also, be sure to check my ao3 account (link in my profile) bc I update it much more regularly than here~<p>

I hope you enjoyed my KageHina drabbles, thank you for reading!

End
file.